

Daily Eagle

M. M. HERDOCK, Editor.

We Fired the First Shot.

The most regrettable reflection connected with the Manila rupture and fusillade of Saturday night and Sunday morning, the loss of American lives excepted, is the fact that we fired the first shot. The United States senate is primarily responsible, and not the soldier who pulled the trigger of his gun. President McKinley chose as a peace commission, under the protocol, wise and patriotic statesmen who did just what the great majority of American citizens wished. The twenty million dollar item alone being criticized. It was the duty of the senate to ratify that peace treaty, immediately. There was no other wise course open. The procrastination through the everlasting talk that has been indulged in has proved worse than an immediate rejection of the treaty. Aginaldo, the Benedict Arnold of the Philippines, who sold his country for money and did not return to it until a glorious future was being guaranteed its people, has been all the while encouraged by the hesitancy upon the part of the senate, until finally came the open rupture of Saturday night.

A New Law Demanded.

No assessment and taxation measure ever yet devised worked uniformly or equitably, but the assessment and taxation law of Kansas is clearly a degeneracy, being unsatisfactory to all classes of taxpayers. Every additional biennial amendment but contributes to its inefficiency and adds to the number of rotten spots and loopholes. There are thousands of assessors where there should be but hundreds. The present law should be entitled "a measure to facilitate the dodging of honest taxation and for the encouragement of seceding." The Leavenworth Times, whose editor has been for a long time protesting against the inefficiency of the present patched-up assessment and taxation law of the state, asserts: "It ought not to be necessary for the legislature to appoint that commission which has been proposed to prepare during the next two years a scheme of revision for our assessment and taxation laws. With so many sapient solons at Topeka we should have thought that they could produce ready-made a comprehensive bill covering this most urgent of all matters. They have bills on every other subject under the sun except on the one thing needful. However, if no adequate bill can be devised to pass at this session, Governor Stanley's advice should certainly be accepted and a commission to investigate and study the subject be appointed."

The Sampson-Schley Contention.

The naval reprisal law and other circumstances have combined to bring the Sampson-Schley controversy within judicial limits, where it will be settled as to whom belongs the honor of sinking Cervera's fleet. The case hinges on the question of Sampson's right to "head money." If Sampson was not in the fight he is not entitled to a bonus for the destruction of the enemy's vessels. If the American forces are numerically superior to those of the enemy the sailors receive but \$100 per head for each of the enemy's complement. If, however, the enemy is numerically superior, the American sailors receive but \$300 per head. It so happens that with the New York included in the list of participants the American forces off Santiago were numerically superior to those of Cervera; with the New York declared absent, the reverse is the case. As a result, in claiming head money, the fleet holds that the New York was not a participant, and that they are entitled to \$200 head money for each sailor in Cervera's squadron. The matter has been thrown into the court of claims, and it rests with that body now to determine whether the New York arrived in time and whether or not Sampson was present at Santiago.

Montana Money That Counted.

The papers are printing double-column pictures of W. A. Clark, just elected by the Montana legislature to a seat in the United States senate. As a statesman Clark is unknown. But he is worth thirty millions of dollars, which he made in Montana, where he at one time lived. But his real home is no longer there. It is in New York City. It is a palace, filled with paintings and works of art. Hence Montana's disgrace. Had Clark been a poor man he would never have been dreamed of for the exalted position of United States senator. His election smacks of the rotten borough system of England, where money, not brains or character, counts. Bryce finally attained to some influence in the United States senate because of his ability, but Clark never will. Being a man who loves art and one who delights to gratify his personal tastes, he may in a social way command some recognition from his colleagues, but as a statesman or wise counsellor, never. His presence there, the whys, hows, and wherefores, will not be overlooked. Montana has but given New York an additional senator if it has done anything.

South Dakota Divorce.

The legislature of South Dakota has amended the divorce law of that state so as to require a residence of a year to entitle the petitioner to action or decree. Thus South Dakota loses many a pretty penny. All the world of infidelity went to Dakota for release from silken bonds which had become galling chafes. Bishop Hare is animadverting on the divorce law of his state declares that the average non-resident applicant for divorce in Dakota are courting their new loves while their suits for separation are still pending; that, in short, it is illicit passion and not legitimate grievances which prompt most of the Dakota divorces which have been held to be illegal by most of the states.

Kansas Doomed to Crankism.

Bishop Potter lately delivered an address which was not without the seeming of a defence of the poor man's saloon as against the rich man's club. A Mrs. J. M. Carter, of Connersville, Indiana, an evident crank, writes the Cincinnati Times-Star for the address of the liquor combine that is employing Bishop Potter and others like him, she claiming to already know where the Times and other anti-prohibition papers got their pay. This woman also says in her letter that as an antagonist of saloons she has an offer to lecture in Kansas.

Of course she has, and this is where she and many others like her "get their money." The Times-Star, in replying to this female crank of Connersville, who has probably been employed by the States Temperance Union of Topeka to inflict Kansas, replies to her as follows: "We believe that Bishop Potter is as good as he is great. We believe that he is as excellent as he is eminent. We believe that his good works have elevated him so high as to place him beyond the range of the venomous shafts fired by ignor-

ant, egotistical, unthinking fanatics. We believe that any denial of Bishop Potter being in the employ of a liquor combine is unnecessary. The very absurdity of such a charge is its denial. We believe that Bishop Potter's good works will have enduring fame and he will live in memory throughout the world, and the mention of his name in the remotest part will not be a strange sound. We believe that Mrs. J. M. Carter will never be heard of outside of Connersville, Ind., except through the publication of her question and its answer in the Curiosity Shop. We choose to be Bishop Potter. We choose to receive his reward on earth and in heaven. In the controversy, whatever it may be, and without fear of contradiction, it can be stated that, excepting Mrs. Carter, nobody cares, we are proud to be on the side of Bishop Potter. We are proud to be in his company, proud to have him in our. As to hearing from Mrs. Carter again we can only philosophically console ourselves with the maxim: "What can't be cured must be endured."

A Corps of American Women Nurses.

A delegation of women representing army nurses were before a congressional committee urging the organization of a regular corps of paid nurses for the army. The number for the proposed corps is small. The movement has, it is understood, the approval of the surgeon general, who says that the women nurses in the late war with Spain were invaluable. There is little question that the modern trained nurse is as indispensable in war or for the army in peace as are surgeons and hospitals. The discussion of this question is bringing out many facts connected with the real founder of trained nurses for the army, Florence Nightingale, who was in fact an aristocratic birth and raised in luxury. She was a wonderful woman and the memory of her deeds will long survive. Florence Nightingale took her name from the city of Florence, where she was born, the daughter of a wealthy English household. She was a woman of fine intellect, clear judgment, and, as her Crimean record proved, of heroic spirit and indomitable will. Dean Stanley has called her "a woman of commanding genius." Before the Crimean war broke out she had studied nursing as a fine art and had organized a home for sick convalescents in London. Then came the opportunity of her life in the call to the east. On October 21, 1854, she sailed with a band of thirty-eight nurses—of whom ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy and fourteen members of an Anglican sisterhood—for Scutari. The miracle wrought by this band of nurses—the entrance of woman into the hell of British hospitals in the east—is capable of being expressed in cold statistics. They found the death rate in the great hospital at Scutari 42 per cent; they brought it down to 2 per cent.

Must Cease Throwing Stones.

If the old adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones is as sound as it is apparently wise, the "heaving of dornicks" must soon cease. For some time past it has been held that paper in house construction and in the manufacture of many utensils would replace the use of wood. But still later the possibilities of glass as a material for building is being demonstrated. Its production grows less expensive and it is well-nigh indestructible. It promises to take the place of brick, wood and iron in house building. For mantle-pieces, interior walls, and even for staircases, it has been found exceedingly useful, for it is lighter and less expensive than brick; but the idea of a house constructed entirely of glass would have sounded chimerical a very short time ago. Now, however, the problem is an easy one, owing to the invention of glass stone, a kind of vitrified glass. These plaques are capable of most varied decoration, while their resisting power is, extraordinary as it may seem, very much greater than granite, and it has been shown by experiment that they do not share the brittleness of ordinary glass. At the Paris Exposition a feature will be the Luminous Palace, built entirely of glass and filled with electric lights. It will be painfully brilliant.

A New and Quicker Line to Europe.

The papers of New York City do not take kindly to the late suggestion of an enterprise which is to shorten the time to Europe by two days, but which does not include that city as one of the initial points. The Canadian government is considering and, it is said, rapidly maturing, a plan for fast transatlantic service via Newfoundland, enabling Americans to journey half way to Ireland by Pullman car. This is a suggestive piece of news. Most persons, indeed, will be startled at the thought that it is really possible to travel by land, with two insignificant breaks, to a point 1,500 miles on the way to Europe. It is proposed to make Green Bay, Newfoundland, the terminal point for a line of fast steamships which would have only 1,500 miles to run before reaching the west coast of Ireland. It needs very little labor to complete a route by which the man from Montreal or Chicago, or New York, may be whisked to Green Bay on a Pullman car, without changing. Fifty miles of railway must be constructed to connect Green Bay with the Reid railway system, and two car ferries must be established—one from Point au Barreau to Cape Breton, and the other across the Strait of Canso.

The ratification of the treaty was the only thing rational which the senate could have done. It never intended to do anything else. Shake an American out of a dice-box in a critical time and he will always come out six-spot up.

Rudyard Kipling wants us to take up the white man's burden. It may be the white man's burden to go nosing around instructing savages how to live, but there are lots of bedbugs and body odors in the job.

France, it is said, is contemplating an invasion of England. Louis IV, tried it; also Philip of Spain, and Napoleon. Caesar succeeded in doing it, but no one else ever will.

The Kansas regiment was in the fight at Manila. It was reasonably certain that this nation could not pull off a war without Kansas getting into it in some shape.

The United States will proceed to hold on to the Philippines until eternity runs out and there is no infinitude in stock, if the United States cares to hold on.

Dewey pounded the flank of the insurgents. It was only because of the short range of his guns which prevented Dewey from helping in the defeat of Cervera.

Gold Harvey is raking in \$500 a day for the free silver campaign fund. Harvey has never been appreciated for all he is worth. He is a Jim Dandy.

It has been discovered that Disraeli was a liar. Somewhere or later a politician is found out, but it is usually discovered on the day of the primaries.

In the course of fifty years, it will come out that Aginaldo had some European backing. He has it now. If not, he is a star-strangled idiot.

Part of the insurgent force at Manila was armed with bows and arrows. This may have been patriotism, but it looks more like thievery.

We will give 'em another swat with the "white man's burden" if they don't come along to the station.

The American volunteers at Manila didn't wait long to make up their minds that they were attacked.

As the representative of a nation at war with us, Aginaldo should be imprisoned in a biscuit shop.

If we haven't changed Aginaldo's residence from Missouri, we will do it again with pleasure.

The Americano-Philippine war began February 4. It ended February 5, the shortest war on record.

President McKinley's policy of landing troops in Manila had a long head behind it as usual.

The senate has ratified. Mr. Aginaldo had better scurry at once.

A Circus Tragedy.

Gugusse, the favorite of the Winter Circus, which stood in the shadow of the Kremlin, was not a handsome fellow. He had neither the wit of the clown, nor the grace of the chariot driver, nor the versatility of the ringmaster, yet he was more popular with the Muscovites than all the three together. He owed his popularity to good looks, to nature, who had sent him into the world equipped with an enormous head, large, fan-like ears and a bunch of black hair upon slender legs, which bowed beneath their weight. He was the king of the dwarfs and the idol of the mob—for, to a mob, grace, wit and strength are nothing compared with hideous deformity.

Yet he was a man. He had passions like other men. He had a heart within his bony breast as capable of human affection as that possessed by any of the public who applauded his tricks. And this heart he had thrown at the feet of Nina, daughter of Adolphe, the equilibrist, the handsomest horseman in the circus.

When she appeared at the circus for the first time, he was dazzled by her beauty. She danced into the ring in a cloud of gauze, among which sparkles glittered like diamonds. A white rose, with the stem of pearls, contrasted with the rich, red of her cheeks and coils of jet-black hair, which streamed luxuriantly down to her waist. She was proud, insolently beautiful, and the dwarf—ever her scornful worshiper—watched her to the point of the circus manager had taken from the cobbler's lapst—was completely dazzled by the sight of such radiant loveliness.

As time went on the star dropped from the sky. The distance between them grew less and less as the illusion faded from his eyes. Every morning he used to see the dazzling beauty of the previous night, in a dirty morning wrapper, patching her scanty wardrobe as she watched the pot boil in the open air. He began to talk with her, and then he began to dream, and in his dreams he saw Nina walking by his side radiant with happiness.

Nina laughed at his gibes, screamed at his jokes and shouted, "Encore, Gugusse!" when the love-stricken dwarf made some grotesque movement which, he hoped, would be interpreted as an exhibition of affection. The fair horseman occasionally caressed him as she would have caressed a dog. He was less than a dog in the eyes of the circus people. Jealous of his popularity, they ousted him whenever they met him, and the dwarf found it useless to protest.

One evening he told Nina that he loved her. The girl stared at him for a moment as if she had not heard aright, and then burst into a fit of laughter. Gugusse frowned, and drew himself up to the full height of his little figure, hoping perchance to impress her. Then he told her how he had loved her from the moment he first saw her, and how life was impossible without her regard.

Ever word which Gugusse uttered was like a jest to the merry-headed girl. She sat in her chair and shook with the exuberance of mirth. Gugusse stepped forward and took one of her white, plump hands in his own. Nina jumped up with a gesture of disgust, drew her hand away, and struck the dwarf a blow in the face.

A few hours later the circus rang with cheers as Gugusse entered the ring, and he was hissed from the ring.

The next day the circus bills bore the imposing announcement: "Unparalleled Novelty. Stupendous Attractions. The Tragedy of Usande; or, The Martyrized Maiden. Mlle. Nina and Gugusse."

At 7 o'clock the house was crowded. The usual exercises took place—tight rope, trapeze, horizontal bar—but they passed almost unheeded. The people were waiting for the white-robed maiden, the victim of the bear.

At last Gugusse and Nina entered the ring, and the pent-up excitement of the crowd found vent in cheers. Nina was a wonderfully beautiful in her white gown, over which fell tresses of rich, dark hair. She looked like the white-souled martyr of old, for whom the stake had no terrors. She advanced to the center of the ring, and Gugusse, looking as hideous as the headman of the restoration, bound her secretly to the post. Nina clasped her hands together, and lifted her large eyes skyward in an attitude of prayer.

Gugusse disappeared and re-entered the ring with a tame bear, which had been his playfellow since he left his Polish home. He held the animal by the throat, and as the brute staggered and growled, menacingly the people applauded to the echo.

They watched Gugusse approach the maiden and heard several voices uttering which they took to be an appeal for her recantation. In reality Gugusse was murmuring a passionate declaration.

"Nina, I love you. Have pity on me. Can you not hear me? Have pity on me or I will let Blasky fly at you. I have made him drink brandy. I have beaten him, and this morning I stole his meat from him. He is hungry; he is mad; he will tear you to pieces. Will you be mine?"

Nina shook her head with a gesture of impatience.

"Nina! Nina! I am a man—I have a right to love you. I love you with my whole soul. I cannot live without your love. Be mine! Do not make me desperate. Ah! you shake your head. You will not! You despise me. I know it. I will pay dear for it now. I will pay dear for it now. I will pay dear for it now."

As he finished speaking the dwarf bent down and unloosed the furious brute which pawed the ground viciously at his feet. Nina turned pale. There was devastation in the dwarf's face—he was murdering in his eyes. Her cheeks blanched with terror, and from her lips came the cry:

"Help! help! help!"

With a rapid movement Gugusse unloosed the bear, and the famished animal dashed past him, sprang upon the helpless girl and rent her with his claws.

The scene was so realistic, so strikingly rendered, that the audience applauded until the circus was filled with a deafening roar. They little knew that a tragedy was being enacted, and thought it was part of the "business" when a beautiful head dropped down, and the blood spouted from the white, unclad arms.

What passed just then in the mind of the wretched creature who stood watching the horrible sight? Was he conscious of his life's end? Was he seized with pity at the sight of so much youth and beauty being ruthlessly torn to pieces? Did he try to undo what he had done?

No one can tell, but just as the bear was planting his cruel claws in the white shoulders of the half-conscious girl the dwarf sprang forward and seized the brute with his muscular arms. With a mighty effort he pulled the bear off his victim and flung him to the ground.

The passion which famine and excitement had aroused in the bear cooled him to a calm, and he lay down on his back. As they rolled over together in the sawdust the bear caught the dwarf in a terrible embrace. There was a cracking of bones, and before the people could get to the circus had time to run to his aid the infuriated beast had planted his fangs in his neck.

And the crowd, little suspecting that a grim tragedy had taken place before their eyes, jumped on their seats and howled out amid a storm of applause:

"Encore, Gugusse! Encore, Gugusse!"

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The merchants of Guthrie have met and denounced the trading stamp scheme.

A company now has charge of the Shawnee News, R. J. Clardy having sold out.

The Hennessy Clipper says that Stevens did right to vote against the Doyle bill.

The prisoners in the Pawnee jail have declared in favor of "the open door policy."

The Oklahoma City Times-Journal always refers to Governor Barnes as "Barnes, etc."

The legislature has been entertained by Oklahoma City. Now, let it locate a capital if it dare.

At Oklahoma City the other night a man threw the city marshal down and took his gun away from him.

A crowd of men recently "shot up" Ralston. In corraling them a private citizen received a flesh wound.

The saloon-keepers at Tecumseh lately took the habit of opening their front doors on Sunday, and there is a kick.

George Baird, a school teacher near Pawnee, died the other day, leaving a wife and a three-months old babe.

The Alva Breeze says that if the present legislature refuses to divide Woods county, a county seat fight will ensue.

Frank Greer threw a harpoon into the legislature the other day and made a call upon said legislature to quit milling.

Judge Burwell is transferring those charged with Indian-burning to the United States court in the Indian territory.

Bill Walker has withdrawn his reservation from the world. Anyone stepping within the borders will be shot with hot mud.

The Alva Review claims that a vein of coal has been struck in Woods county. Woods is a little high in the air for coal.

The scheme to make all appointments by Governor Barnes hitherto made, void if not confirmed by the council, is an ex post facto dream.

It has been discovered that the Indians were burned in the Indian territory, not Oklahoma, which should be a matter of congratulation to Oklahoma.

Dr. McElrath of Garfield, when asked for his opinion on the veto, said: "The governor exercised his prerogative. That is all I care to say just now." Well!

A stranger, his team and family became lodged in the river near Alva the other day, and the whole town turned out to help him extricate himself.

C. H. Embury, who has been nominated to succeed the late Dr. Scott by the Republicans of Lincoln county, has been county attorney for a number of years.

The little daughter of Dr. E. J. Newell, of Ponca City, was severely burned last week. Her dress caught fire from a red hot stove and her dress was entirely consumed.

A. M. Swickard sued J. P. Anderson of Hutchinson for breach of promise. Anderson's attorneys hustled around and discovered that Mrs. Swickard, in getting a divorce in 1881, did not get it without legal advice, that she did not accordingly get a divorce at all, and the whole breach of promise case went to ruin then and there.

This is the section in the new Cherokee treaty which is inimical to statehood: Section 11: "The Cherokee nation, shall not be included in any state or organized territory without their consent, and then said territory shall include only the lands of the five civilized tribes and such other smaller tribes as are contiguous thereto."

Manchester Journal: People living on little worn out rented farms in many of the older states might do well to tear themselves away from their homes, and come to Oklahoma and build homes. This country is developing faster today than any other country under the sun, and at the same time no other country offers better inducements to the homeless homeseeker. Our lands are fertile and productive, and nearly all the staple crops of the east and north are grown here in abundance.

Build Waver. Sheriff Porter and deputies were up in North Bend township this morning to arrest a man named Downs, who is wanted in Kansas, and while looking around for him were held up by the antichrist thief association, who wanted to know their business. Upon stating who they were the leaders of the association disclosed the fact that they had arrested five fellows falling to the description of the new Wichita jail breakers, named Tackett, Robinson, Rhodes, Ally and Murphy. The sheriff having the description of the men wanted in his pocket, soon discovered that the five men held were not those wanted.

Along the Kansas Nile.

It is Republican senators, not Populist senators, who are blocking confirmations at Topeka.

Politicians make the mistake often of offering the people sugar-plums when they want beef-steak.

How quiet Philosopher Ingalls remains. How long it has been since a man, passing his tub, was bitten.

Not a man so far appointed by Governor Stanley to a liquor. That is what is worrying the politicians.

The Kansas regiment at Manila gave the Philippines a mere handful of what Kansas can do in any climate.

Most state legislatures are empty and empty legislatures are really needed more than once every twenty years.

It is said that Hesse and Stanley quarreled recently and that was why Hesse's friend, was appointed adjutant general.

The chances are that Ed Little and Fred Fumion were in the thick of the fight. They are probably the happiest young men on earth, honor to them.

Farmer Smith, who once, as a candidate for governor, was treated to columns of scycophantic praise, is now being paid with ridicule because he is a rebel.

The house judiciary has decided on enlarging the supreme court to four members. The idea may be good, but no argument to that effect has yet been put forward.

His friends say that J. R. Burton is ill, somewhat nervous and wasteful—that he is the one man in Kansas today who is a charged magnet. It will pay to watch him.

Leavenworth papers were going to burn Hook through the city, with few de jure and far-harsh. Hook fooled them, slipping in at night and sneaking for home on foot. Score one to the credit of Hook.

Dr. R. Anthony, the elder, has sued for the Leavenworth Standard, an evening paper there, which accused Colonel Anthony of accepting a monetary bribe from a gambler. Anthony wants \$1,000 for the libel.

A teacher at Garden City asked a boy to solve this example in addition: "If your father gave your mother \$1 today and \$3 tomorrow, what would your mother have?" The boy answered: "She would have a fit."

Governor Stanley, according to Fred Vandegrift, got angry the other day when a petition came in with Arthur Capper's name signed to it. Vandegrift, quoting Tom Anderson, says Stanley exclaimed: "By what right has a Shawnee county man to sign a petition for a man in the Seventh district?" The legislature should pass a law prohibiting "ribbing."

The eastern papers are publishing reviews of the poems of Howard Ruff. The Kansas poet who killed himself and on whose breast was found a lock of hair of the girl whom he had induced to throw her sweetheart over the water-wheel, and whose daughter he was an uncle. Ruff was said to have been an illegitimate son of Lord Byron.

Geo. Innes & Co.
Phenomenal Trading
The great crowds in attendance yesterday at our Muslin, Sheet and Embroidery sale again demonstrates the confidence placed in our printed statements.
Muslin and Sheet Sale
Two more days. You can buy Fruit and Lonsdale while it lasts at 5c per yard.
Fifteen cent Unbleached Sheet at 10c.
Twenty-five cent Bleached Sheet at 19c.
Muslins and Sheetings, all widths and all qualities, at cut prices.
Anticipate your wants while the harvest lasts.
Embroideries
The greatest stock and the greatest selling this house has ever known. Special lots at 5c, 7 1-2c, 8 1-2c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 18c and 25c that are worthy your special attention. Fine matched sets, new puffing for yokes and sleeves. Anything and everything in the Embroidery line at a special price.

Handsome Lace Curtains
For \$1.25 Per Pair
An Unusual Opportunity!
Not so unusual for this store to offer, either. People have become so used to this store selling goods at unusual prices that they would not be astonished at anything we might do. This five hundred pairs of Lace Curtains were lately bought by us at a sacrifice price because they were the remainder of a wholesaler's broken lines. He sold them to us as we sell remnants to you—at a low price for cash. A few of these Curtains are in one of our front windows, and even a glance at them will give you an idea of the good value we are offering you. Every Curtain is full 3 1-2 yards long. The quality is Nottingham lace and the patterns in flowered and set designs are varied and pretty. Nothing will add more cheerfulness than pretty Lace Curtains. These Curtains have crossed the Atlantic to get to you, and they are yours 'till all are sold—
At
\$1.25
Per Pair

Marvelous Plush Cape Bargain
A \$5 Cape for \$1.75
Nothing marvelous about the Cape—it's the price. It is just one of those Plush Capes that you see every day of the world; just the same Cape that you see priced in every pokey store in the land as a bargain at \$4.98. Plush on the outside, with tulle around the collar and down the front. Glossed black cotton serge lining on the inside. An Eastern cloak man wanted to get rid of these Capes badly last week. Our buyer met him and the Capes are ours. We begin the distribution tomorrow. The price is ridiculous—
Only
\$1.75

Our Embroidery Sale
Started off yesterday in a very lively manner, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. Not all sold yet, however. Too much of it to go in a day. Enough here to make select choosing for a week, and priced to you at less than you are used to seeing. A "Sale" at the Boston Store means something—means lower prices for the people. Shoppers out today will do well to look at these under-priced values—

15c Embroideries, 8c.
25c Embroideries, 12c.
30c Embroideries, 15c.
BOSTON STORE.